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## TO A BROTHER POET.

John G. Whittier sent the following lines in memoriam of his long-time friend James Russell Lowell:

From purest wells of English undefiled  
None deeper drank than he, the New World's child,  
Who, in the language of their farm-fields, spoke  
The wit and wisdom of New England folk.  
Shaming a monstrous wrong; the world-wide laugh  
Provoked thereby might well have shaken half  
The walls of slavery down, 'ere yet the ball  
And mine of battle overthrew them all.

## DIARY OF THE SECRETARY.

*Sunday, August 2.* By invitation of the Universalist Society in Leeds, Maine, and the kind welcome of their pastor I joined in a union service with the Baptists and other citizens of my native town at their chapel on the hill near by the Baptist meeting-house — now undergoing repairs. I was cheered by the presence of so many people of my native town, and spoke with freedom of "The Coming Peace," when not only denominations but nations should act in harmony moved by the one impulse, that is, to bring in the Kingdom of God.

*Tuesday, August 4.* After a few calls by the way and a railroad trip to West Freeman, I drove over to Mr. T. B. Hunter's great farm which spreads out over a hill and commands some of the grandest views of mountain and valley scenery. A few families from Providence, R. I., found this retired and beautiful locality, and for years preceded me in enjoying the unstinted hospitality of the Hunter family. Their rooms and beds are always occupied in summer.

*Sunday, August 9.* Preached in a large district school-house at four corners well-filled with people. It is called the "Craig school-house." Religious services and a Sunday-school are held during the summer months, the latter superintended by Mr. Peck of Providence, R. I., a summer resident.

*Tuesday, August 11.* In a month it will be twenty-two years since I saw the Rangeley Lakes and from near their base looked up at the mountains that gird and guard them. At my visit in September, 1869, the waters were unweaved by steamers. There was no hotel on their borders. On a visit two years previous to that, I remembered that Burke's store at Rangeley village had a hall over it where we held religious services, together with the pastor, Rev. Mr. Atwood, at whose house myself and family were welcome and grateful guests. Mr. Atwood lived in a cottage on the west side of the lake, over which we were rowed to meeting by his son, who has since spent many years in a useful ministry. Mr. Burke was kind enough to speak of some of the thoughts uttered in the sermon preached where there were then few religious meetings and no pulpit competitors, as "noble." He has gone to his rest, as have many hearers of that day. The later visit was in company with L. N. Prescott, Esq., and Rev. Lyman Abbott. We divided our time between fishing in the vicinity of Indian Rock, where we slept on boughs in Richardson's camp, and discussing themes political, theological and local.

Neither of us, standing on the lower dam and talking over the events of Mr. Rangeley's life and his failure to permanently occupy and improve the region, dreamed that a road frequented by carriages and passengers would lead from that dam to Andover and the Grand Trunk Railway. Much less did we conceive of the stately

hotels that have risen in the forest around Mooselookmeguntic, which we visited to-day drawn over a wide well travelled road, by Mr. Kimball's gray span from his Mountain View House, where our party were as well served as we would have been at many a great city hotel. Our little steamer called at the island which Mr. Dickson has made so beautiful, preserving its wild grandeur and enchanting views around a cottage that is almost a palace.

The new route by rail direct to the village half way down the lake prevents the delighted sensation that used to come at Greenvale, its head, when the blue lake, the green fields, the sloping hill-sides and wooded heights, burst upon us after the wearying drive over the steep hills and shut-in road from the Sandy River ponds. The approach to Weld always reminds me of it. In miniature, and without the climatic contrasts of course, the ride over the St. Gothard Pass where the valley of the Po spreads out in contrast with the cold, rocky Alpine heights, and the wildness of nature merges in sweet fields of green, seems a little like it. Italy approached by a railway tunnel as now, is first seen at far less advantage.

But the twenty-eight miles of rail from Phillips to Rangeley, winding through unbroken forests at the foot of great mountains and beside the tumbling waters of stony brooks, is unique.

Nowhere in my travels have I seen anything just like it. Twice I have been permitted to visit the Scottish lakes and once the lovely scenes of Westmoreland, England,—two brief but pleasant vacations were passed among the shepherded hills and verdure-clad vales of Central Wales. Quite recently I gave a single day to the quiet beauty of Lake George which seems like a broad, still river between ever changing banks. But to none of these is there an approach like this narrow, curving, mounting, descending, forest railroad. We rode in an open car on a lovely day and did not move too quickly by the gleaming birches, the darkly green spruces, the towering pines and their fallen companions to miss the enjoyment of a continuous forest, for twenty-five miles unbroken save by the swarth mowed for our passage, and the two lumber mills and new, piney villages at Staffords and Reddington. We saw the "Divide" where the waters part to flow either way by the great rivers, Kennebec and Androscoggin, to mingle again at Merrymeeting bay, and then march onward in increasing majesty by the city of Bath to the waiting Atlantic always agitated off Seguin by the powerful Kennebec currents.

*Sunday, August 16.* Preached at West Medford, Mass., and taught a Bible class.

*August 26-28.* At Westerly, R. I., I had a pleasant ride amid tasteful homes and busy industries and a very delightful call on that friend of righteousness and peace, George Foster, who was visiting at the home of the Perry family. Arrived at Mystic in time to enjoy the afternoon meeting at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Universal Peace Union, of which Alfred H. Love is president, the headquarters of which are at Philadelphia. The Connecticut Peace Society join in these three days' meetings at the ten-acre grove now owned by the former society.

I found a convenient stage and seats and a fair attendance on the first day, increasing to some 3500 the second day in spite of the rain. I was the guest of Ida W. Benham, and on Thursday evening enjoyed a reunion of friends at her pleasant home. Mr. Love was re-elected President, and by his quarter of a century's earnest service in all executive and editorial capacities ranks among the very